

## FACTS AND FANCIES FOR WOMAN AND THE HOME CIRCLE

THE DAILY  
SHORT STORY

## "Atmosphere".

By DORA MOLLAN.

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S Mrs. Kent closed the front door after a leisurely survey of the village street, she remarked to her sister Annie that Tom was in sight, so they could put the supper on the table; also that the atmosphere felt quite springlike.

When Tom had eaten the supper prepared for him by his adoring women folk and had changed into his other suit, he stepped in the sitting room on his way out. Here his mother and aunt were sewing.

"If you're going to see Mary?" Mrs. Kent laid her work on the table and started to arise—"you can return that recipe she lent me."

"Sit down, mother. Why should you jump to the conclusion that I'm going to see Mary Freeman. There are other girls in town."

"But none nicer," put in precise little Aunt Annie.

"Mary's all right," agreed Tom, "but I stopped to tell you that I'm going to see Deyette Sinclair a while."

"Isn't three times a week rather often to call on a girl you've known such a short while?" asked Mrs. Kent.

"Small town etiquette, mother. Deyette is a city girl. The Sinclairs make a fellow feel at home. There's something about their house—soft lights, and all that sort of thing—a certain atmosphere—oh, I can't explain it!" finished Tom impatiently.

"You don't need to explain to us, Tom what constitutes the atmosphere of a true home," quietly interposed Aunt Annie.

"Well, anyway, what the whole family doesn't sit around and entertain you as they do at the Freeman's!" snapped Tom, and departed.

As the front door closed behind him Mrs. Kent picked up her sewing. "I hope this is merely a passing fancy, Annie. That girl is a new type in this village and she fascinates Tom. But I don't like his neglecting Mary. She's such a genuine girl."

"Yes, her complexion will stand sunlight," added the sister.

In the Sinclair home that evening the atmosphere was saturated with the germs of jealousy and malicious triumph, but to Tom it only smelled of cigarette smoke and he wondered what caller preceded him. How could he know that Mrs. Sinclair had been smoking furiously for the last half hour while she railed at her daughter for her extravagance and because she was deliberately trying to "cut out" her mother with the elderly and wealthy Mr. Slater—and at the same time fooling around with an "impecunious fellow" like Tom.

When he arrived the shaded lights shone softly. Deyette was charming in a gown that was quite different from the village sort. Tom listened enthralled to her tales of their gay life in the city and eagerly accepted an invitation to visit them the following winter.

It was the result of that strenuous society life, of course, that had forced them to come to this charming little village for a rest. Now wouldn't Tom tell more about his work—and what he hoped to become? Deyette was clever, so she listened with much apparent interest while Tom talked and sent him away very much pleased.

You could not call Mary Freeman clever. She was just sweet and good and true. Nor would Tom in describing her home say that it had a certain atmosphere. It was, in fact, much like his own, neat and orderly and comfortable and pervaded by a spirit of unselfish love.

It was this spirit which kept Mrs. Freeman from commenting on Tom's absence in the hearing of her daughter, but it could not keep her from feeling bitter toward Tom for causing the silent suffering which Mary was striving to conceal.

The Sinclairs had been in town a month, and Tom Kent had formed the habit of dropping in to see Deyette every evening after supper. He had even discontinued stopping in the sitting room to tell his mother where he was bound and to say goodnight. Mrs. Kent did not remonstrate with Tom again for neglecting Mary.

She knew that her son could not be managed that way. Aunt Annie's lips were compressed in a straight line most of the time now, and she spoke seldom to Tom. The atmosphere of the Kent home had changed in some subtle manner. Subconsciously Tom felt it but his infatuation for Deyette filled his mind those days to the exclusion of everything else except business. He knew he must succeed in that if he were to stand any chance with Deyette.

So anxious to see Tom when he stopped in the grocery store on his way home from business one night to do an errand for his mother. Mr. Bates, the proprietor, waited on him.

As he tied up the package he leaned across the counter and spoke in a tone too low to be heard by anyone else in the store. "Kent, you seem to be on pretty good terms with the Sinclairs. Do you think they are all right financially, I mean. They owe me a pretty big bill now, and I can't afford to trust them for much more."

"Why, sure," replied Tom. "They just happen to be short of ready cash just now. Mrs. Sinclair was telling me the other evening. She said the man who managed their estate was seriously ill and if he didn't improve soon she would have to go to New York herself and look after things."

Mr. Bates seemed reassured and he thought no more about the incident until two nights later. Then Mrs. Sinclair brought up the matter of their circumstances again, concluding, "But I don't see how I can go. Really I haven't even money enough in hand to pay my fare."

"Why, Mrs. Sinclair," exclaimed Tom in an injured tone, "why didn't you ask me to help you out? I have only about a hundred dollars with me—but would that do you any good?" "It surely would," answered Mrs. Sinclair in a voice which she strove not to make too eager. She thanked him profusely, saying that now she would

JUNE BRIDES LEARN TO COOK!  
"Sauces Make The Meat"

Written Especially by OSCAR of the Waldorf.

Sauces make the meat, the fish, the game, the fowl. Many housewives never learn this. They know how to cook meats, fish, and fowl, but not how to give that delightful flavor that comes with a proper sauce to go with it.

The average housewife confines herself to a very few dishes where there are an infinite number to choose from. If the June bride will depart from the beaten path once in a while, she will find herself becoming famous as a successful cook. Here is a sauce that can be used for warming up cold meat as a white fricasse: Put 2 ounces of butter into a saucepan, and when melted, stir in about 2 tablespoonfuls of flour; stir over the fire until well mixed.

ed but not browned. Mix in by degrees sufficient boiling water to bring the sauce to the proper consistency, then put in a bunch of sweet herbs, some cooked button mushrooms and onions, and pepper and salt to taste.

Bechamel sauce is another good one—Put into a saucepan half of an onion, 2 tablespoonfuls of butter that has been worked with 3 tablespoonfuls of flour, a large slice of carrot, a bunch of parsley, thyme and a bay leaf, tied together, a small piece of mace, a small quantity each of salt and grated nutmeg, and 1 pint of white stock. When boiling place the saucepan at the side of the fire, and let the sauce

simmer for 30 minutes, stirring it often. When cooked, mix the sauce with one-half pint of cream, boil it up again then strain it through a fine hair sieve and serve. (2) Put two tablespoonfuls each of butter and flour into a saucepan, and stir them over the fire until well mixed; then pour in by degrees 1 pint of white stock, and continue stirring over the fire until boiling. Add 8 or 9 peeled mushrooms, put the lid half on the saucepan and let the sauce simmer for 20 minutes, skimming off the butter as it rises. Strain the sauce through a fine hair sieve, put it in another saucepan, mix in one half pint of cream and the juice of half a lemon, stir it over the fire and allow it to boil for 5 or 6 minutes, then pour the sauce into a basin and continue stirring until it is cold. Mix

some aspic jelly with the sauce if used for making a chaudiroid.

To be served with either hot or cold meat I would recommend Brittany sauce: Put into a basin 1 teaspoonful each of sugar and mustard and 1 tablespoonful of grated horseradish; mix 1-2 teaspoonful of vinegar. This is simple, but good.

East Indian sauce is very nice eaten with salad. Put the yolks of two hard-boiled eggs in a basin and mash them until they are quite smooth; then mix one teaspoonful of curry powder; pour in gradually 1 breakfast cupful of salad oil and 1-2 teaspoonful of vinegar. Continue stirring the mixture until it is quite smooth and the ingredients are well incorporated; it is then ready for serving.

## Confessions of a Bride

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Chrys, the Cold, Longs for Love Emotion and Is Denied.

Chrys spent thousands of dollars upon her trousseau. Its creations were designed by the most artistic modistes of the country. Certain pieces were photographed for the fashion magazines. One manufacturer named the best of his seasons gowns "The Chrysobel" and a new pump "The Lorimer," stalked up and down the land.

Thus the family's protected plans for keeping the wedding a secret went glimmering. The public knew all about everything long before Chrys had decided herself, she declared. The only thing it did not know was that Hamilton Certels was a genuine Spanish duke.

In spite of the money she spent, I felt that Chrys was as happy as I had been when I cut and fitted my own lingerie.

In that beautiful long ago—it seemed a century since—I used to fly to Bob's arms when he came to see me. But when Hamilton Certels called upon Chrys, he always stooped over her hand in an entirely formal way and barely touched it with his lips.

Chrys drifted into this remarkable confidence one night when we were particularly emotional after having seen Mary Garden as Melisande.

"I suppose every girl expects some man to adore her shining tresses just as if she belonged in an opera," Chrys remarked a bit savagely. I might say, only Chrys would never let herself go that way.

It occurred to me that Chrys, in spite of her coldness, was like a million others of her species—she wanted to be loved passionately, yet she would admit that fact even to herself.

I remembered the mad kisses Dr. Certels had bestowed upon my own unwilling lips.

Was I weak or wicked that he dared to kiss me so? If I had been altogether good, would he have kissed only my finger-tips?

and the usual serenade was tendered by the young folks of the town. They will make their home in Worthington.

An All Day Sing.

There will be an all day sing at Oak Grove on Harter Hill on the fifth Sunday in June which will be the 29th, participated in by the colored choirs of Enterprise, Hutchinson, Hepzibah, Reynoldsville and Carolina. Those colored singers have a reputation for fine vocal music and this will be

worth going a long distance to hear. The people are invited to bring their dinners with them and eat on the grounds.

Changes Residence. Will W. Leonard, who has occupied apartments in the Davis building for several months, removed on Tuesday to the Oakes property recently purchased from the Smith heirs.

Good Roads Work. The good roads work is moving along rapidly at present and two or three days more will connect the road up with Main street in the town. Surveyors are at work for the M. V. Tractor company preparing the plans for that company to do their portion of the paving through the town. It is hinted that some changes will be made in the location of the track through the town which will be advantageous to the municipality.

Personals. Miss Clarice Oakes is attending the State Christian Endeavor convention at Clarksburg this week.

Several McIntire has been confined to his home for several days by an attack of sciatic rheumatism.

Elisha Brummage was a business visitor in Clarksburg and Bridgeport on Tuesday.

Q. H. Martin was transacting business in Shinnston on Tuesday.

S. K. Jacobs was a visitor in Clarksburg on Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Clyde H. Hay were week end visitors with Mr. Hays brother, Thos. T. Hay, at Briscoe.

Ulysses E. Martin, of Peora, Harrison county, was a recent visitor here.

IN THE MOVIES. There are some 30,000 people regularly employed in the motion picture industry in and about Los Angeles. Approximately 85 per cent. of the picture plays in America are made there.

Presenting the New  
Midsummer Millinery  
In Modes of Unusual Charm

THE sweeping brimmed leghorn has again come into its own, but in many cases is disguised under layers of delicate lace. Wreaths of flowers and loop after loop of picot-edged ribbon also trim these interesting straws in diverting ways.

Georgette crepe and maline modes, because of their transparency, are enjoying enviable popularity. In style and ornamentation they offer rare originality.

Hats of Organdie rank with the most popular and becoming for wearing with Summer's dainty wash frocks. Sports Models smartly designed for out-of-doors occasions are shown in a vast assortment.

The completeness and exclusiveness of Osgood Millinery Displays provides a delightful Hat for every requirement and the prices asked here are carefully based on the worth of each item.

Priced \$5.00 to \$25.00

Osgood's  
for  
Quality

## PYTHIANS TO INITIATE.

There will be a very interesting meeting of Mt. City Lodge No. 48, Knights of Pythias, at their Castle Hall in the Fleming building this evening at 8 o'clock. There will be several candidates for the second degree and other important matters to come before the lodge. All members who possibly can be urged to be present this evening, as it promises to be one of the best sessions of the summer season.

Jennings Manley is visiting at the home of W. H. Manley, near Kilarn.

## A Working Girl's Life.

Day in and day out, month after month she toils. Often she is the breadwinner of the family and must work that others may live. Rain, or shine, warm or cold, she must be at her place of employment on time. A great majority of such girls are on their feet from dawn till night, and symptoms of fatigue and weariness are early manifested by aching backs, dragging-down eyes, headaches and nervousness. Such girls are asked to try that most successful of all remedies for women's ills, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, which for more than forty years has been giving girls strength to do their work.

NEURALGIA or Headache Rub the face and temples with

VICK'S VAPORUB "YOUR BODYGUARD"—30¢ 60¢ 75¢

FORCED HIS FOOD  
DOWN BUT COULD  
NOT DIGEST IT

But Nerv-Worth Came to John Rollin's Rescue and is Making a New Man of Him.

This worker at the W. S. Raney Mines Revere, near Uniontown, told the following remarkable Nerv-Worth story to Uniontown's Nerv-Worth drug-gist:

Wade H. Guyton: "I was very weak and all run down, very nervous and my stomach and digestion was in very bad shape. Could not eat enough to sustain me, and what little I found I could not digest. Could not get restful sleep. This trouble had been for nine months, and I was losing every day. Had severe pains in my back and back."

I purchased a bottle of Nerv-Worth and took it regularly and all the troubles mentioned have disappeared. I am no longer nervous, have a splendid appetite. In fact, I can get up in the night and eat. My food is properly digested and assimilated and I have regained my normal strength and vigor. Nerv-Worth proved a miracle to me in its quick and lasting results."

JOHN ROLLIN, Revere, Pa.

Your dollar back at Crane's drug store, Fairmont, if Nerv-Worth does not benefit you.

## DOINGS OF THE DUFFS—(MOTHER'S REMEDY)—BY ALLMAN.

